

# PUNCH

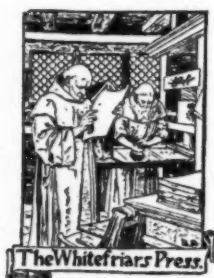


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# PUNCH'S ALMANACK 1909

**JANUARY**

SUN	3	10	17	24	31
MON	4	11	18	25	
TUE	5	12	19	26	
WED	6	13	20	27	
THU	7	14	21	28	
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

**FEBRUARY**

SUN	7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22
TUE	2	9	16	23
WED	3	10	17	24
THU	4	11	18	25
FRI	5	12	19	26
SAT	6	13	20	27

**MARCH**

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MON	1	8	15	22	29
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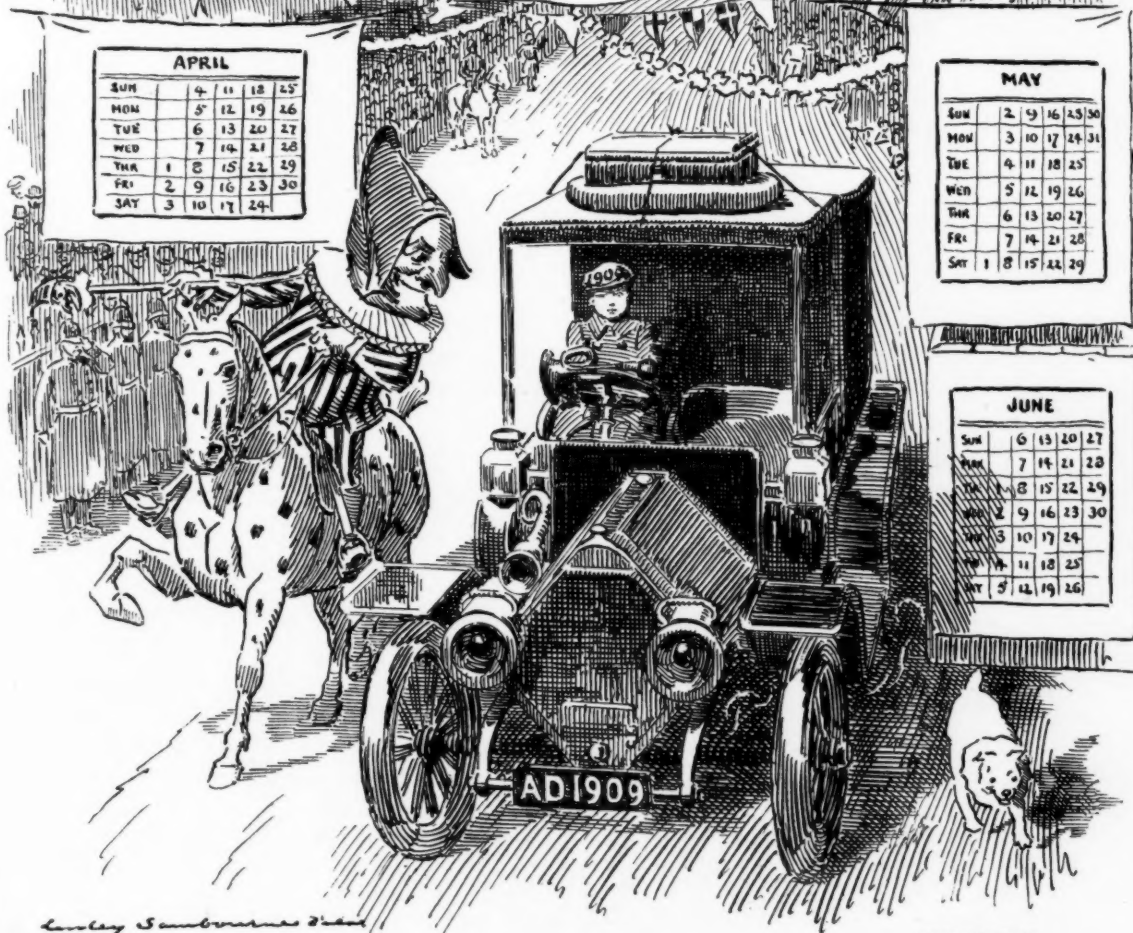
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**MAY**

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Leslie Sambrook 212

THE COMING OF 1909.

76686

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



Golfer (soliloquising). "WHAT A LOVELY VIEW!"

Caddie. "REG'LAR PANAMA, I CALLS IT!"



"I THINK IT VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOU NOT TO HELP ME, GEORGE. YOU SUGGESTED THIS SHORT CUT!"



Punch's Almanack for 1909.



*Instructor.* "WHY DON'T YOU FIX BAYONETS ON THE WORD O' COMMAND?"

*Recruit (vainly struggling to unsheath weapon).* "PLEASE, SERGEANT, IT'S—ER—FIXED!"



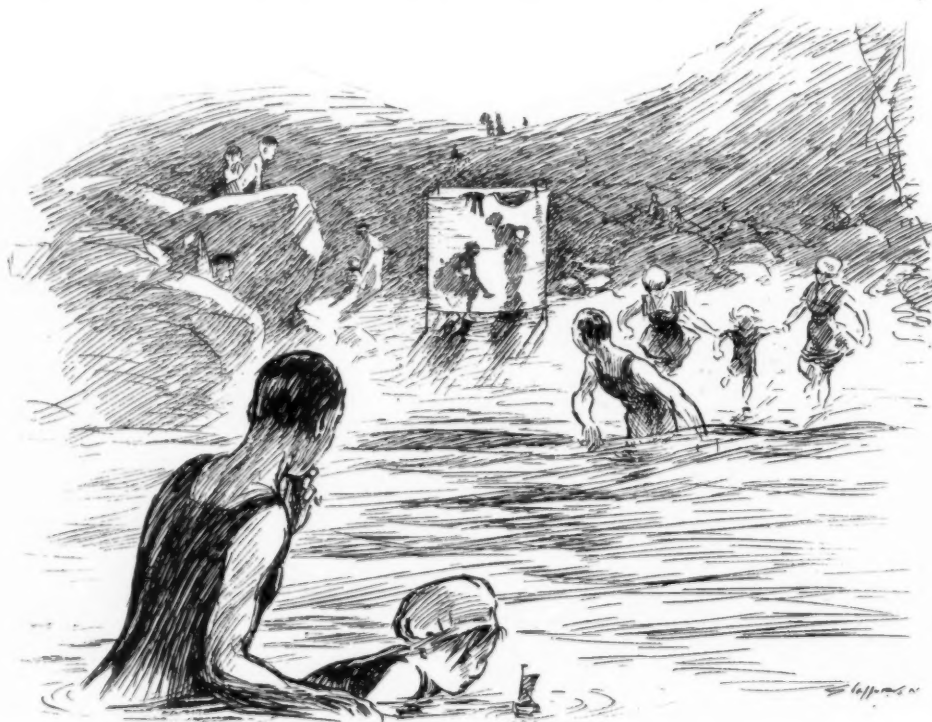
*Sentry.* "'ALT! 'OO GOES THERE?"

*Private Jones.* "FRIEN"—WITH BOTTLE."

*Sentry.* "PASS, FRIEND! 'ALT, BOTTLE!"

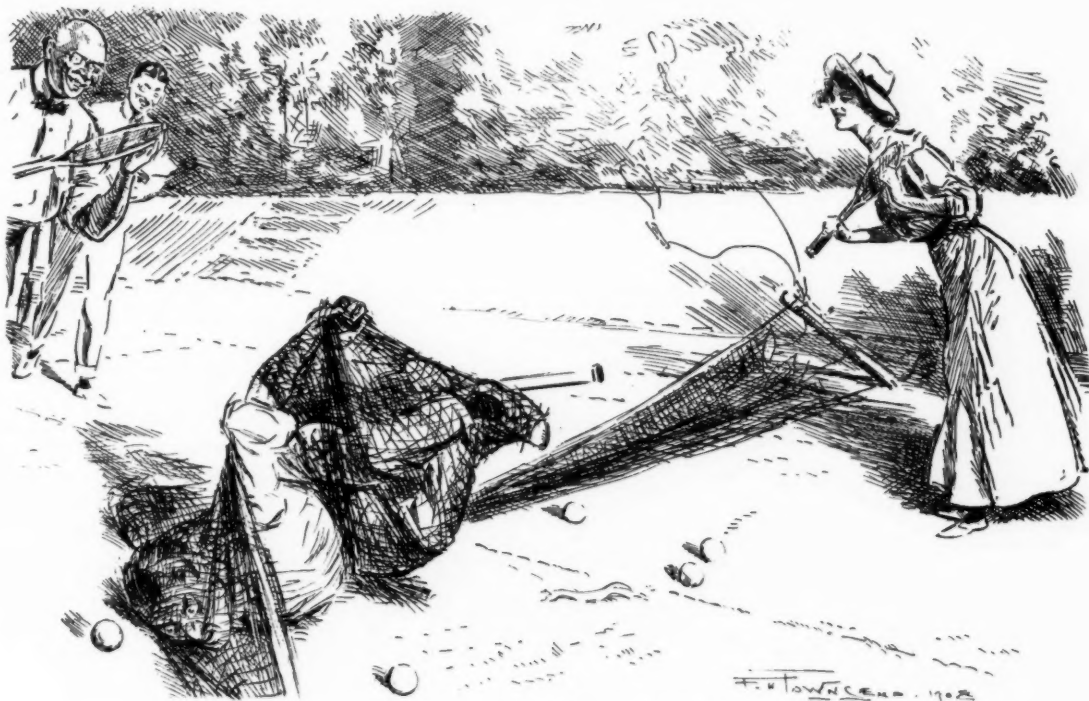


"How shocking! I am so glad to think, dear, that we shall have our tent when we bathe to-morrow."



TO-MORROW!

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



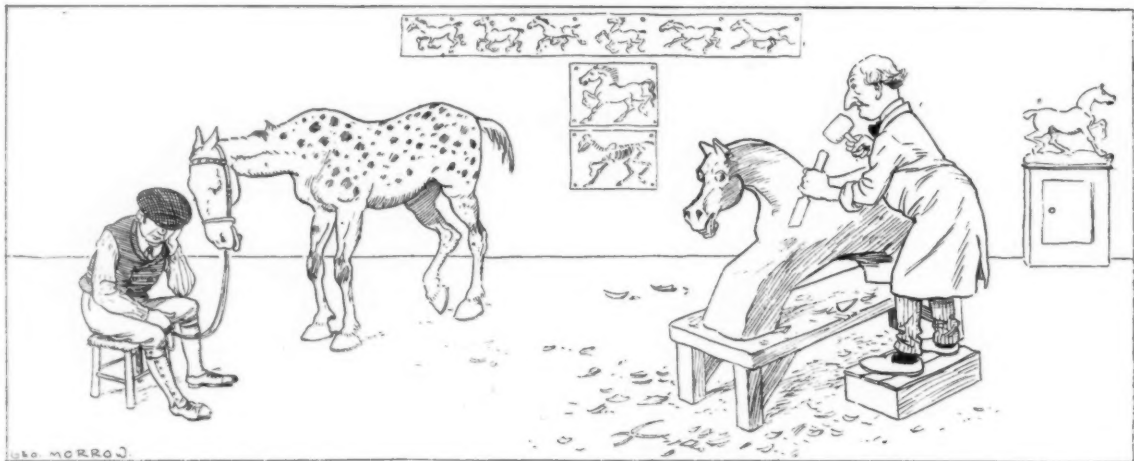
"YOUR POINT, I'M AFRAID. MY PARTNER TOUCHED THE NET!"



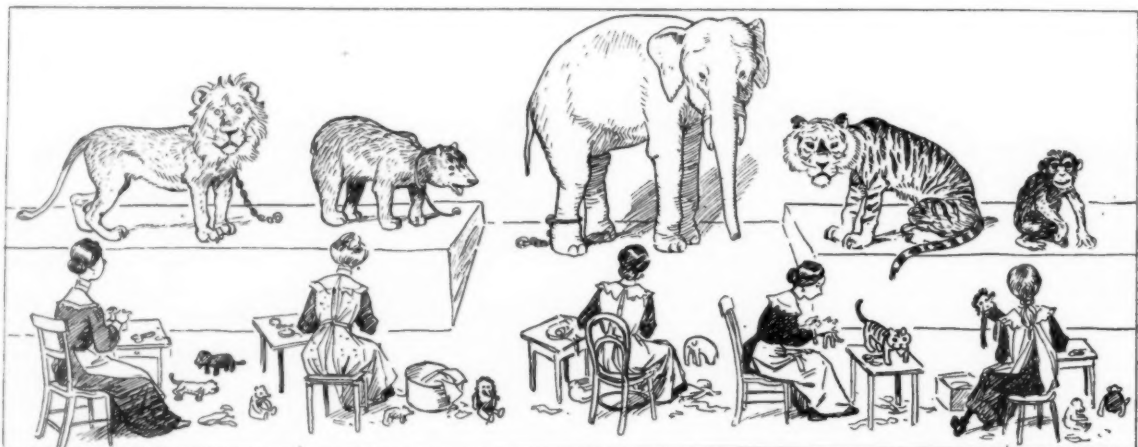
GLORIOUS NEWS IN THE HUNTING WORLD! NO MORE DULL DINNER-PARTIES!! ONCE AGAIN DOES A COCKNEY REFER TO THE HOUNDS AS "DOGS"!!!



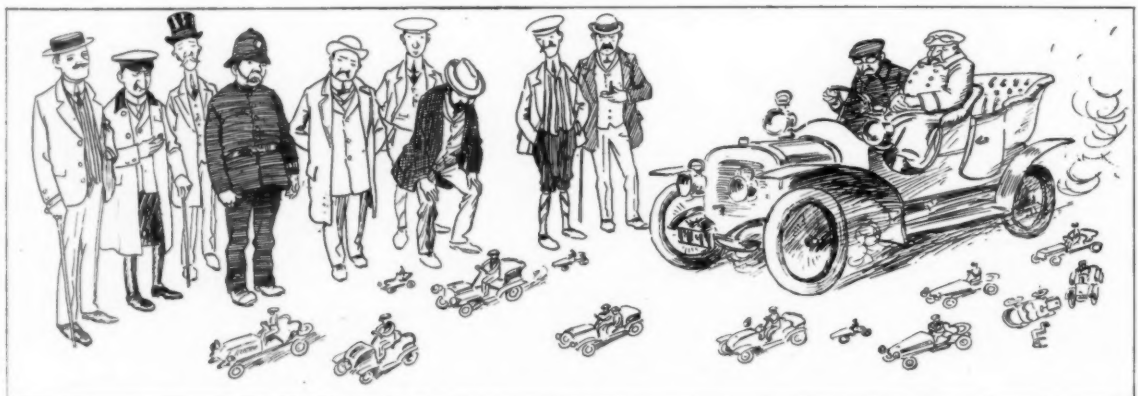
HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



THE ROCKING-HORSE SCULPTOR.



THE TOY ANIMAL FACTORY.



SPEED TEST FOR TOY MOTORS.

HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



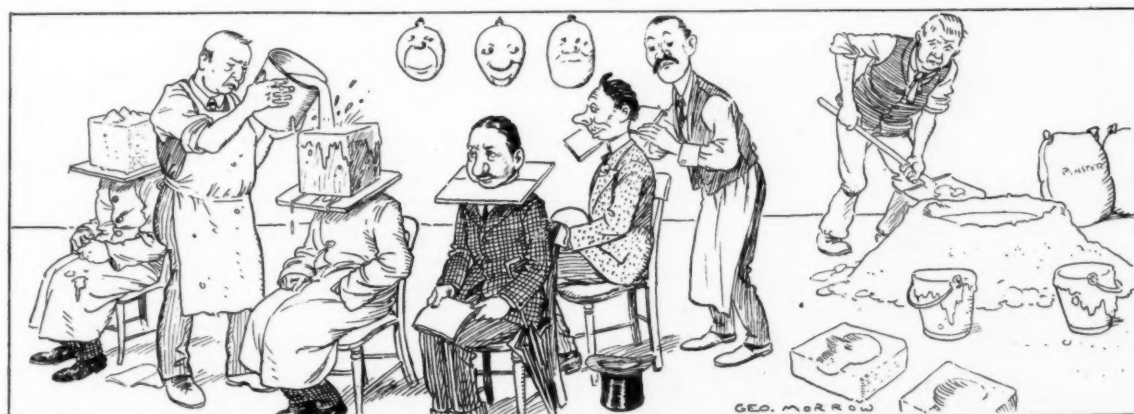
TESTING SMALL ARMS IN THE TOY ARMOURY.



THE LEAD SOLDIER FOUNDRY.



POET DICTATING VERSES FOR CRACKERS.



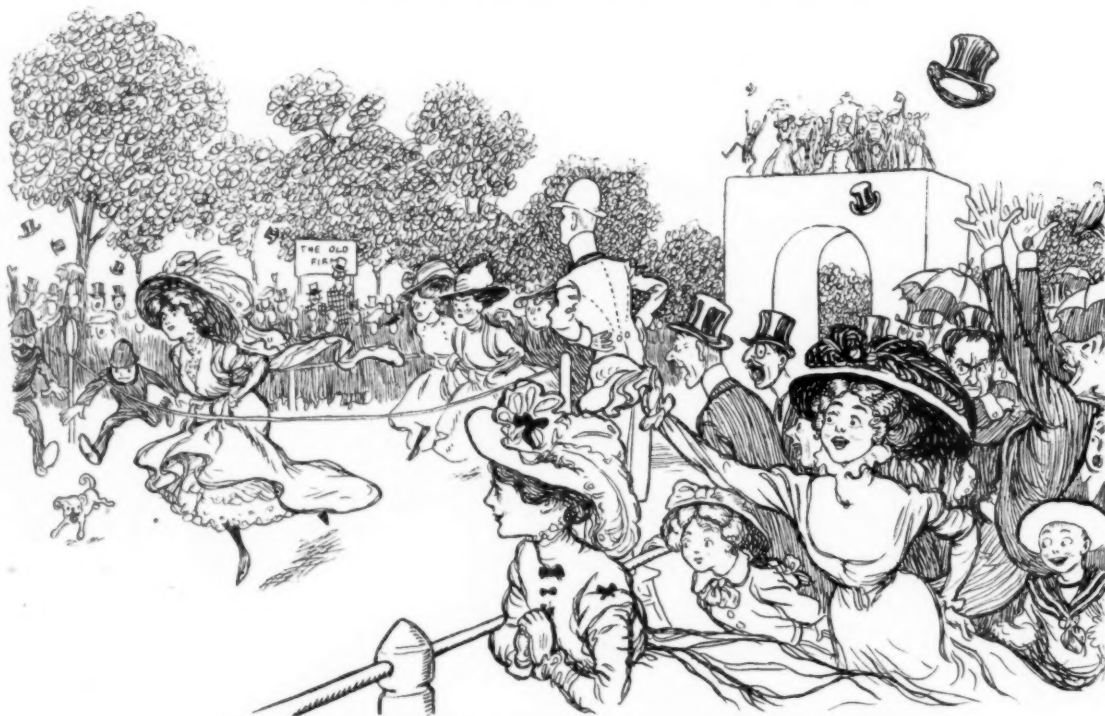
CASTING "FUNNY" MASKS FROM LIFE.



**Punch's Almanack for 1909.**

**LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.**

*Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head.*



**"THE LADIES' MILE," HYDE PARK. THE WINNING POST.**



**THE PALM ROOM AT THE CARLTON.**

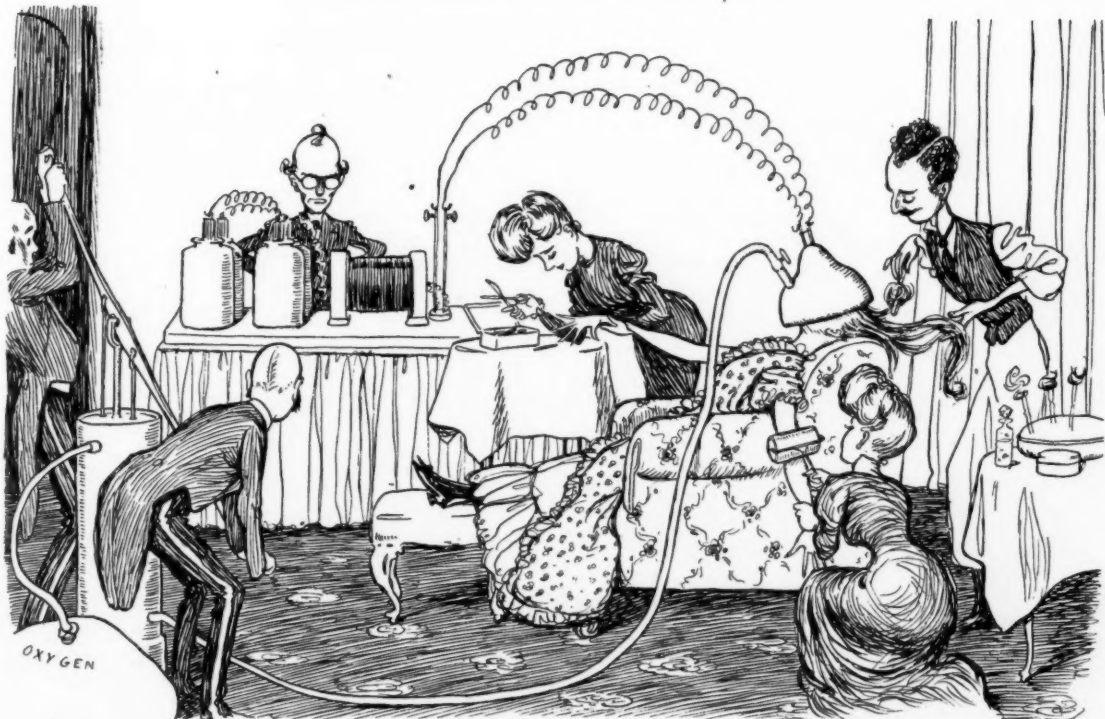
**Punch's Almanack for 1909.**

**LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.**

*Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head.*



**THE ENTRANCE TO THE BATH CLUB.**



**A LADY OF FASHION PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.**



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Boy (at sound of horn). "'ERE BE THE 'UNTERS A-COOMIN'! 'ARK TO THE 'OOTER!'"

A WEIGHT-FOR-YOUTH HANDICAP.

[Dedicated to a young lady with a sensitive nose who complains bitterly that the long-haired youth of to-day make the atmosphere of a ball-room intolerable with the reek of their cosmetics.]

I STOOD and watched her as she stepped  
In at the dance-room door;  
The gaze of all the well-groomed "bloods,"  
Conscious of perfect ties and studs,  
Followed her where she bravely swept  
Over the shining floor.

From brows on which no sign of toil  
Had come from thinking hard  
Their locks were trained in lengthy streaks  
(It must have taken weeks and weeks)  
And plastered down with care and oil  
And slabs of potted lard.

But when, as those who bring a gift  
No woman yet refused,  
They kindly offered her a dance  
She gave their heads a searching glance,  
Threw up her pretty nose and sniffed,  
And begged to be excused.

They bore their underrated charms  
Into the buffet-room,  
While she, who showed such want of taste,  
Allowed her admirable waist  
To be disposed within the arms  
Of men of riper bloom.

Greatly intrigued that Age should snatch  
A boon to boys denied,  
I asked her: "Can you tell me why  
You cast a preferential eye  
On older heads with thinner thatch?  
Is it the brains inside?"

"I hardly care for brains a bit,  
Not at a ball," said she;  
"Give me a man with whom I seem  
To float like seraphs in a dream,  
And I'll not ask for pearls of wit  
Or plums of repartee.

"These boys may have the brains of mice;  
I look outside the head;  
The thing that puts me off is just  
Their greasy polls that catch the dust;  
Besides, my nose is rather nice—"  
("I see it is," I said).

\* \* \* \* \*  
There are who simply loathe to wear  
A cranium smooth and blank;  
But, as I joined the mazy whirl  
With that extremely pleasant girl,  
To Fate that pinched my wealth of hair  
I heaved a pious thank.

O. S.





**RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.**

Newly-arrived Private Chaplain of Scotch Nobleman (to keeper). "ARE THERE ANY EPISCOPALIANS ON THIS ESTATE  
Keeper (whose mind is running on his pheasants). "THAE BLACK-NECKIT YENS, YE'LL MEAN? NO; WE SHOT THEM A' OOT THREE YEARS SYNE!"



**A CHOICE OF ENDS.**

Stranger (in response to general movement behind him). "HE DOESN'T KICK."  
Stranger. "No."

Sportsman. "WELL, ANYHOW, WOULD YOU MIND JUST TURNING HIS OTHER END ROUND THIS WAY?"

Sportsman. "DOES HE BITE?"

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



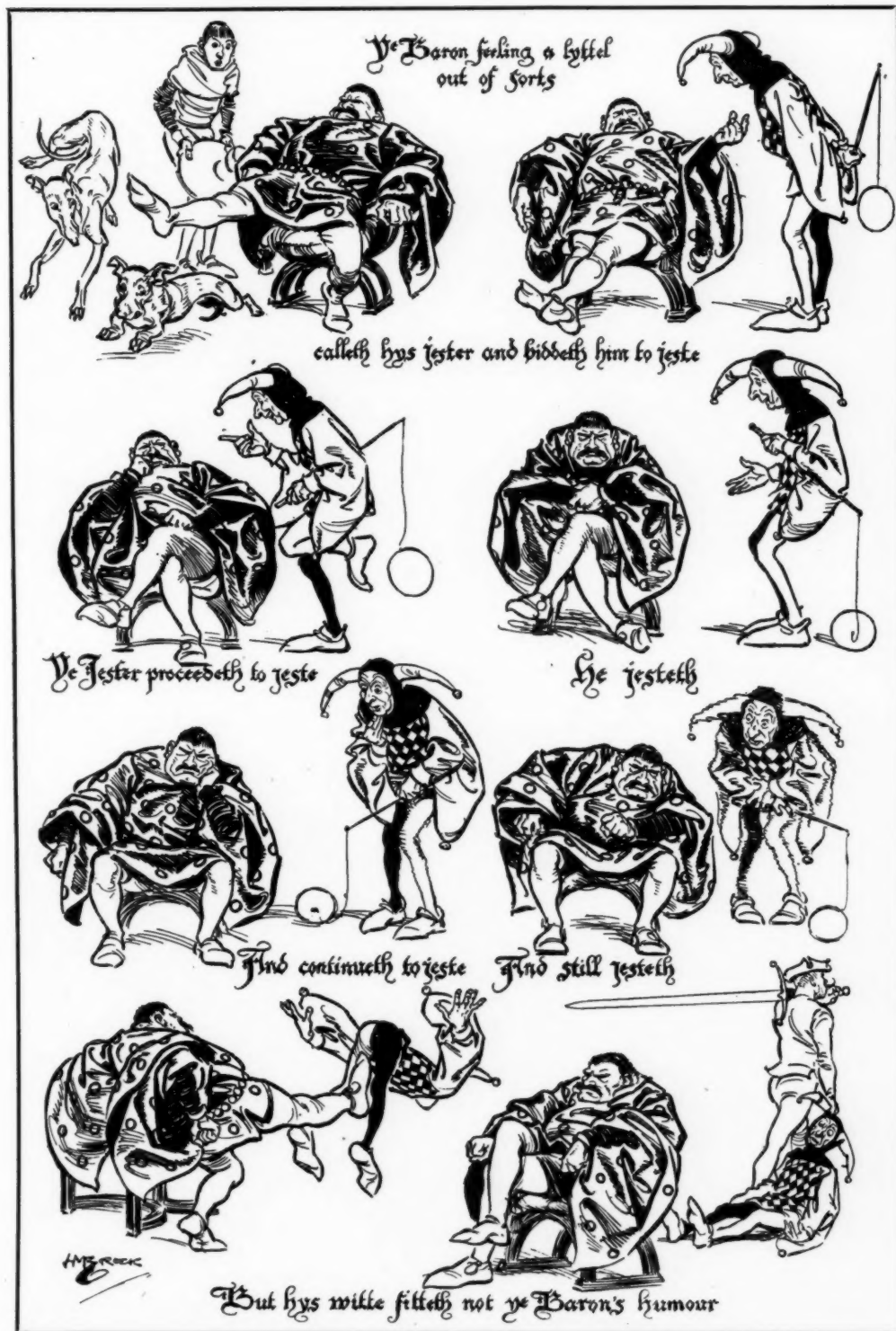
ZUNNING KING

Parson. "YES, MRS. JOHNSON, IT'S ALL VERY NICE AND PRETTY; BUT HOW AM I TO GET UP THOSE STEPS INTO THE PULPIT?"  
 Mrs. Johnson. "WELL, REALLY, RECTOR, WE'D QUITE FORGOTTEN THAT! BUT IF YOU'LL MISS THE SECOND STEP, AND MIND THE 'RED HOT FOKER,' PUT YOUR FOOT TO THE LEFT OF MRS. JONES'S MARROW AND THE CABBAGE FROM THE HALL, YOU'LL ONLY HAVE THE ONIONS TO GET BY; BUT DON'T TREAD ON THEM, OR THERE'LL BE A TEAR-SHEDDING!"



Explorer (relating tiger story). "THERE WAS THE GREAT BEAST RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I WAS UNARMED, AND IT WAS CLEARLY NECESSARY TO TERRIFY HIM INTO SUBMISSION. WHAT DID I DO? I——"  
 Excited listener (who has heard about the power of the human eye). "I KNOW. YOU—YOU L-L-LOOKED AT HIM!"





# MACBETH

"GREAT HARRY!"  
"WORTHY LAUDER!"



# THE MERRY WIDOW



# THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTMINSTER



# PETE

"Can this che-ild  
be mine?"



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.



## Punch's Almanack for 1909.

### MINCE-MEAT.

By Our Charivariety Artiste.

REALISING the fact that the cult of the Christmas Card is on the wane, an enterprising firm is advertising pianolas as an admirable substitute.

We wonder whether it is generally known that, if the plan of a famous German strategist be carried out, the invasion of this country, when it takes place, will happen on the afternoon of Christmas Day, at an hour when the entire British nation is rendered helpless by a surfeit of plum-pudding.

By the by, a little boy writes to ask whether it is a fact, as his mother tells him, that, if he eats too much plum-pudding and too many mince-pies, the currants will all come out on his face as spots. We are sorry, but we must really refuse to make trouble between mother and son.

The experiment tried in Pantomime last year of having "principal boys" of the male sex is to be abandoned. "Girls will be boys," as the saying hasn't it.

One of the features of the coming Pantomime Season, we are told, will be a coon song of which the refrain is *Sue, Sue, Sue*. This incitement to litigation will be welcomed by the entire legal profession, which, through no fault of its own, has for some time past been suffering from lack of employment.

The Trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund have, we hear, decided that

their resources are not sufficiently large to enable them to make grants to policemen who have distinguished themselves by gallantry to cooks.

Some recently-published statistics show that old age, as a cause of death, is more frequent among centenarians than any other class.

reported. A Mr. Jones of Upper Tooting, who had never had a gun in his hand before, shot a rabbit last week.

We would caution our readers against a gentleman of philanthropic appearance who goes about asserting that he recently sent a cheque for £1,000 to a certain charitable institution. It seems that, being of a retiring disposition, he preferred his gift to be anonymous and so didn't sign the cheque.

The danger of relying on trade terms! A lady writes to complain that an instrument which she bought at a recent sale was described as an upright piano, but is now behaving most deceptively.

"This is cutting it rather fine, isn't it, guv'nor?" said a cabby on receiving a shilling. The fare looked angry for a moment, then a wave of generosity passed over him. "Very well, I'll make it guineas," he said as he handed cabby a further penny.

He was a simple-looking youth, and, as he entered the consulting-room, he said, "Doctor,

my head always feels muzzy. What do you recommend?" "Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?" asked the doctor.

We ought not to say it, for it sounds boastful, but we cannot resist drawing attention to the fact that in the foregoing paragraphs we have not made a single joke about the dismemberment of Turkey.



"I AIN'T INSULTIN' OF YER—I TELL YER I'M SIMPLY CALLIN' OF YER A LIAR, AND YER ARE ONE!"  
[Friendly relations resumed.]

A lady, the other day, gave one of her huge Directoire hats, of which she had tired, to a charwoman whom she occasionally employed. "Oh, thank you, madam," said the grateful recipient, "I shall keep it for my three little girls. They can all go to church together in it on Sundays.

A curious shooting accident is

THE PERFECT CHAUFFEUR.

*How he might be obtained.*



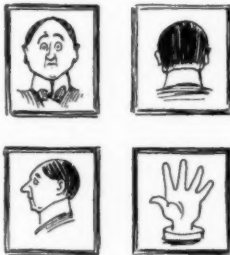
He should have had an unblemished reputation at school.



After spending five years at a chauffeurs' college—



He should submit to phrenological examination, to show that the speed-craving bump is not over-developed.



He will then require to be measured on the "Bertillon" system, and should be photographed in various poses for identification purposes.



He should be perfect as regards physical fitness, and of course the medical examination would be very searching.



Then, if he can convince the police authorities of his dexterity in dodging obstacles—



A licence could be granted on his agreeing to wear his birth certificate, photograph, and finger-print in prominent places.





LONG-FELT WANTS. THE COUNTRY HOUSE TIP-TABLE.

### ACHES AND IVORIES.

MINE is a flat on the uppermost floor of the mansion,  
Far from the motor-bus, high above whistle and shout,  
Here I could give my afflatus its needful expansion,  
Ponder my numbers and patiently worry them out.

Calmly remote I pursued my professional labours,  
Lived as a type of the homely industrious poor,  
Sat in content with myself and at peace with my neighbours,  
Till they imported a beast of an infant next door.

Bagpipes and bo'suns, a bushel of average babbies,  
Screams of despair from a steamer that's run on a shoal,  
Pulleys and brakes that want greasing, noctambulate tabbies,  
Cries of the errant purveyor of cabbage or coal—

Start them together from all the four points of the compass;  
Throw in a gramophone able to penetrate walls;—  
Then you've a dream of the pandemoniacal rumpus  
Wafted abroad when that blessed homunculus bawls.

First to the mother I entered a dignified protest:  
Said that the music was hard on poetical ears.  
Did it have any effect? Not the very remotest!  
Save when we meet in the lift and she mockingly sneers.

Foiled, I endured for a fortnight; but fiercer and fiercer  
Daily the melody grew; then I turned to the sire:—

"Sorry to bother, but really—your baby—my dear sir,  
Dammit, do something!" I wrote, "Yours in sorrow  
(and ire)."

He, the good fellow, replied that he pitied me deeply;  
My lot was bitter, but his was more desperate still;  
Thought, on the whole, I got off, by comparison,  
cheaply;  
Begged that I'd give him my prayers! Poor devil,  
I will.

As for the rest of the world, it is cold and unfeeling;  
Even my housekeeper—one in whose arms I was  
nursed—

Calls it a lamb! And whenever I yell to the ceiling  
("Cursed be the baby," I yell, "be the baby accursed!")

Tells me in triumph (and glares as if I were the  
criminal)

I was a baby myself! It was ever the rule—  
Give 'em a baby in range, and the soundest of women 'll  
Sacrifice logic to sentiment—silly old fool!

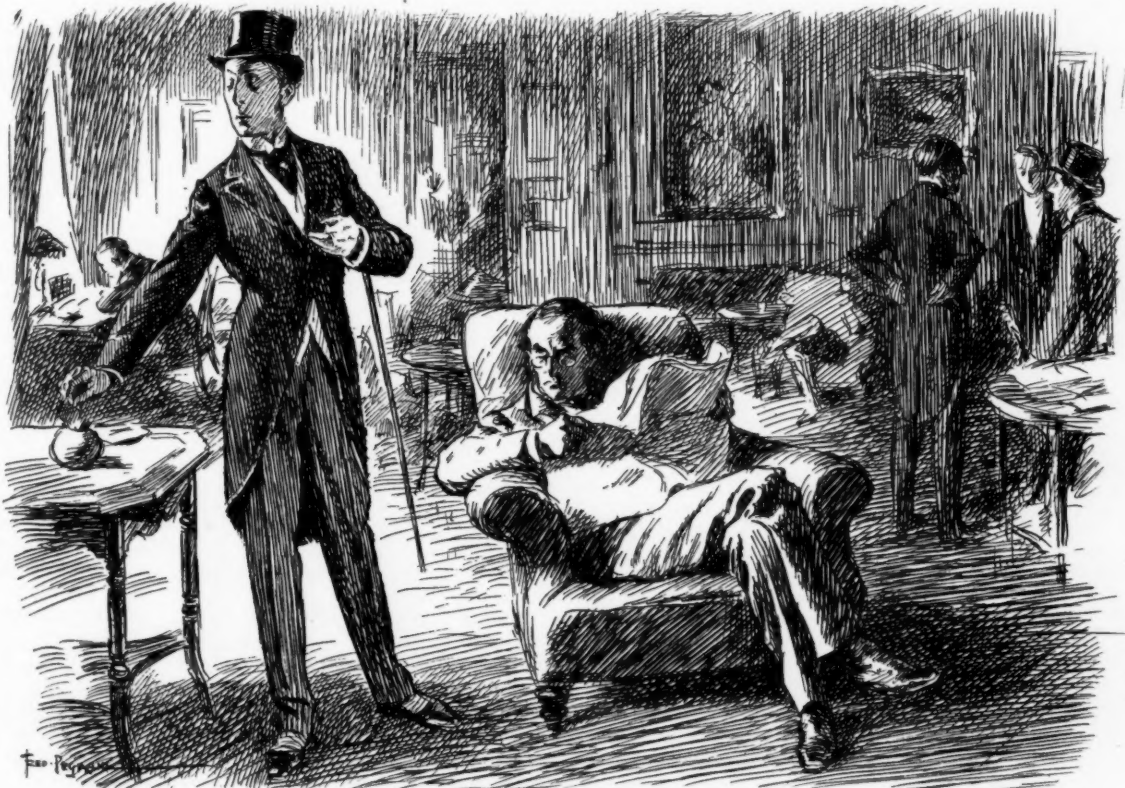
Daily I'm in at the death of my best inspiration;  
Nightly I find myself—roused by that infamous brat—  
Sitting up straight in my bed in a cold perspiration,  
Sighing for she-bears, or Herod, or something like that.

Ever the demon goes on, and despairing and hollow-eyed  
Still (I am told) I must bear this preposterous din  
While there's a tooth to be cut; by the lyre of Apollo, I'd  
Cut 'em—I'd teach it to cut 'em—if I could get in.

DUM-DUM.



AN UNDERGROUND IMPROMPTU. THE TUBE STEP.



Augustus. "HALLO, OLD MAN, HOW ARE YOU, AND HOW ARE YOUR PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF SILLY ROT?"

# HOW TO ACT A CHILDREN'S PLAY.

## INTRODUCTION.

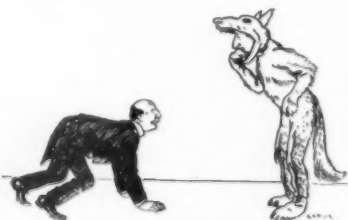
DEAR ETHEL,—Whenever I read a book or an article beginning "How to ——" I always throw it in the fire; and I expect you do the same. My "How to's" are generally called "How to avoid paying rent" (but of course you can't really), or, more comprehensively, "How to Succeed." Yours, I suppose, would be "How to knit a shawl for Mother's birthday," which is a good thing to know, but rather a bother. Well, I just thought I'd tell you that this "How to" of mine is a different pair of bedroom slippers altogether; and as your Uncle George has gone to a great deal of—I can't help feeling—unnecessary trouble to illustrate my meaning, I do hope you will learn a lot from what I have said.

By the way, this is really a dedication, and so should have been written in the third person, because it is so much more dignified. I did begin like that, but the Editor stopped me; he said he couldn't help feeling that what we were gaining in dignity we were losing in grammar. I think perhaps he was right, but I shall insist on italics, anyhow.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE PLAY.

OF course the first thing of all to do is to select a suitable play. The



COACHING COUSIN TOM.

Wilbraham kids always do Dumb-crambo, and there is a man in London who does Hamlet; but neither of these is much fun. And the worst of the old fairy stories is that, though they have a splendid part for Harold and Wilfrid, there is absolutely nothing in them that will just suit yourself. I mean nothing really made for you. Now it's a different case altogether with Enid—quite a small part would do for her. But for yourself, you do expect as

the eldest sister to be the one who marries the handsome Prince; and at the same time you simply can't let Muriel be the Queen of the Fairies and wear the ornamental lampshade. And so what are you to do?

Well, by an extraordinary bit of luck I have a little play by me

Dick and Harold (simultaneously). Bags I the wolf!

Harold and Dick (eagerly). I said it first, didn't I, uncle? Shut up; you didn't.

The Author. I shall want one of you to be the Prince.

Dick and Harold. Bags I the Prince, anyhow.

Ethel. Hadn't we better settle the parts afterwards, uncle? I'm going to be the dear little Fairy Princess; how lovely! What will you be, Janet?

Muriel. I don't mind what I am. Do you, Enie?

Harold and Dick. All right, then; I'll be the Wolf.

[They start growling in various tentative keys.

The Author. I think we shall have to get your

cousin Tom to be the Wolf. We want a big one. Now then, I'm going to read it to you. Er—The—

Dick and Harold (in fits of laughter). Won't he look a sausage?

Ethel. You don't mind my being the Princess, do you, Muriel dear? Because, you see—

The Author (angrily and loudly). Will you all be quiet for a moment?

... Now then—(very loudly)—THE WOLF—

Wilfrid (suddenly). I—want—my



UNCLE SHOWING CHILDREN HOW TO ACT.

mummy. I—want—my—mummy. I—want— [Up roar.

## CHAPTER III.—THE STAGE.

As soon as possible you must come to some definite agreement with Mother about the drawing-room. The best way is to go into her room one morning when she is very busy writing notes, and say quite anyhow (as though you didn't care a bit): "I suppose, mummy dear, you don't mind our doing our play in the draw-

which I wrote some—I mean which I have just written especially for you. It is called

The Wolf;

OR,

Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess.

## CHAPTER II.—READING THE PLAY.

THIS is the most exciting moment of all, because of course everybody is wondering what the play is about. The clever author (that means me) is surrounded by the cast (that means the whole lot of you), and, after a hearty tea, he declaims his work to them—to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, bursts of applause and the like. Something in this style:

The Author. The—er—title of our little play is The Wolf; or—

Ethel (reproachfully). Oh, uncle!

The Author. What's the matter now?

Ethel. You said there was a fairy princess in it, and I was going to be it, and it was to be the chief part.

Muriel (loftily). I'd much rather be an ordinary human person. Wouldn't you, Enie?

The Author. But you are, Ethel. It is.

Ethel. Then oughtn't I to be in the title?

The Author. You don't understand. It's called The Wolf; or, Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess. I have to put the wolf in there, but he hardly comes into the play at all. In fact he only has a growling part.



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ing-room? Uncle James said—"And then she'll say: 'Don't worry now, dear, I'm very busy. Yes, yes, I know; run away, there's a darling.' So of course you run away and tell the others that Mother said 'Yes.'"

About a week before the night you'll have to take charge of the drawing-room altogether; and if you can get Mother safely off to London to buy Christmas presents before you really begin you will get on much faster with everything. There is no harm in Father staying on. He will be so glad that you aren't using the library that he will actually help in some of the heavy work. Probably, when you start moving the grand piano, he will even suggest getting a couple of men in to do the thing properly. That, though, would spoil all the fun; and you must quickly assure him that the whole idea was to do everything yourselves, and that if he took one end and Uncle James the other you would show them exactly where you wanted it put.

### CHAPTER IV. THE SCENERY.

THE principal scene is *The Fairy Grotto*, and that of course is where you, Ethel, live for the first part of your life—until, in fact, Prince Rupert comes and kisses you and turns you into a mortal, which, between ourselves, is a much better thing to be. Uncle George has drawn a picture of this enchanted cavern, and I want you to notice particularly the stalactites hanging from the roof. You have read all about these in

your science books; but I may say here that they are called stalactites because that is such a difficult word to spell. You remember the story of the harassed ambassador who was

The legend is that he who looks into the water will see the face of his true love reflected; and when Rupert looks in then you come and peep over his shoulder; so of course he sees your face too.

Then says Rupert:

*Whose is this lovely, this enchanting face?*

*I've seen it once or twice about the place.*

And you sing softly:

*I am the fairy princess Elsinore!*

*(I'm sure I've never seen the man before).*

And so on. In another picture you'll see how the cascade's done.

### CHAPTER V.

#### DRESSES AND STAGE DIRECTIONS.

BEFORE I come to the acting, I had better finish with what they call "the properties"—which means the things you make out of other things ready for the night.

As is always the case, the girls'

things are much easier to get ready than the boys'. An excellent fairy-skirt, for instance, can be made from Mother's best lamp-shade—the one with the frilly things hanging down; then, again, a tea-cosy makes a good crown for the Princess. But I can't suggest anything that will do for Prince Rupert's costume. I really think that Miss Pringle will simply have to set to and make something for

Dick out of that piece of blue plush that was left over.

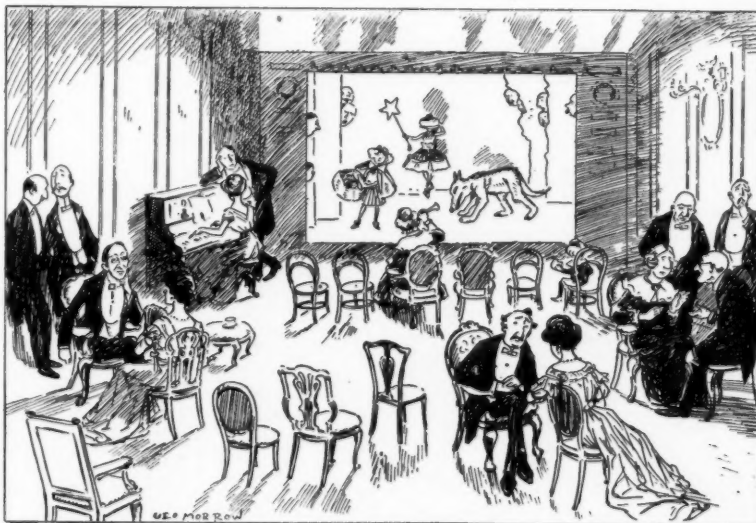
There is just one tip I must give you about stage directions. It is very important to pay attention to the author's directions to the actors, because, after all, he wrote the play and



GETTING READY FOR THE NIGHT.

embarrassed by a scintillating stalactite—well, it had to come into that story.

To return to the picture: the stalactites with the crease down the middle are Cousin Tom's, and the



THE NIGHT ITSELF.

rather baggy stalactites are Uncle James's, and the ones with the stalagmites fused on at the knees must be Harold's, and . . . Well, you see, of course, how it is done. There is also, you notice, a wonderful magic pool in the middle of your cavern.

## Punch's Almanack for 1909.

ought to know best how it should be acted. So when you read a note like this: *'During this speech of the wicked Baron's, Sunnylocks has been growing more and more frightened; he turns deathly pale, beads of perspiration stand upon his brow, his knees tremble more and more, until at the last horrible threat his very hair stands on end with terror'*—when you come across this you must see that Harold really does carry out the author's intentions. Most of it should be fairly easy for him, but the last direction does want a little scheming. The best way is to have a magnet suspended from the ceiling, and ready to be let down when required. Then, just before he goes on, Harold must dip his head into Wilfrid's "Chemical Food" (which, as you know, has a lot of iron in it to make him strong), and then at the critical moment the magnet is let gently down . . . Whereupon an extremely realistic scene ensues.

Oh, by the way, don't forget the moon. The best London people always have them full. I can't say why.

### CHAPTER VI.—HOW TO ACT.

THE first thing to remember is that it is necessary to cross the stage every time you make a remark of any importance. I have never quite understood why this should be so, but they always do it in London; and what is good enough for them is good enough for us. Thus, if Prince Rupert is on the right-hand side of the stage and you are on the left, and he says, "I love you!" you both cross over before you reply "Rupert!" I fancy the reason must be that the common people who are stuck into the sides of the gallery can only see one-half of the stage; and as they got a bit tired of never seeing more than half the characters in a night they complained to the fireman. He told the man at the door who says "Stalls-to-the-left - dress - circle - this - way," and gradually it got up to the Manager himself, who made the new rule. Of course you have no gallery in the drawing-room, but you may as well follow the general custom. Anyhow, it gives the audience a chance of seeing both sides of you.

Uncle James will show you several of the more important gestures, and you must see that you get these right. For instance, when the Prince

declares his love he has to put both hands upon his heart as he leans eagerly towards the lady. Of course most of the audience will understand what is happening, but Grannie, who is deaf, may not hear the words, and she will probably upset everything



THE CASCADE.

by saying, "There! I told him not to have a second help."

Did I mention improvisation? That means putting in your words when you have forgotten mine. It is possible that you may have to do this sometimes when your memory goes, as it does in History always; and then the great thing is to do it as naturally as possible. For example, the Prince may be telling you the story of his adventures in the search



THE WRONG WAY OF WORKING THE LIMELIGHT.

for the magic ring. At the end of them you have to say: *At such fierce deeds my maiden heart doth quail; And yet, fair sir, I thank you for your tale.*

Suppose, however, you have forgotten those lines for the moment. Don't be nervous; and don't rely entirely on the prompter, because he may be busy. Just say with a sweet smile, "What did you say?"

and then, while he is telling his story all over again (as most men would be glad to) you can be thinking of something nice to say afterwards.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE NIGHT ITSELF.

So, finally, after all your rehearsing and dressmaking and scene shifting you will come to the night itself. Aunt Molly will be at the piano playing "The Waltz Dream," when you will discover that the prompt-book has been lost; and at the same time Cousin Tom will discover that the best pair of stalactites is his, after all. While he is expostulating with Uncle James, the curtain will go up, and Uncle James will say, "You fool, drop that curtain! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Fellowes, I didn't see it was you." Then Aunt Molly will play "The Waltz Dream" over again, and Cousin Tom will come in properly and begin to growl. Having performed his part with immense vigour he will retire into the wings and take his head off, when he will learn that the curtain has been down all the time, because they can't start till the prompt-book has been found. Whereupon Harold will yell out he can see through the hole in the curtain, and Uncle Charles has it in his hand; and Uncle Charles, who has promised to prompt, but is now turning over the music for Aunt Molly, who is playing "The Waltz

Dream" for the third time, will be indignantly sent for. Aunt Molly will insist on coming behind the scenes too, to see if she can help, and Miss Pringle, who has been very busy in the green-room stitching up Prince Rupert, who had split at the last moment, will take her place and play "The Waltz Dream." Then Uncle James will say, "Now clear the stage there, please. All behind the scenes. Where is everybody? Tom, come on. Now Miss Fellowes, we really are ready this time. The other cord, I think. On all-fours please, Tom. No, the other cord. . . . Now, before Miss Pringle begins again. Now! . . . Get behind, Harold."

And then, all of a sudden, everything will go perfectly smoothly. . . . And when it is all over—

### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE will be loud calls for the author. A. A. M.



Punch's Almanack for 1909.



*First Youth (late arrival).* "HALLO! WHAT SORT OF SHOW IS IT?"

*Second Youth.* "OH, SAME OLD THING. FIRST THE DEAR OLD CONJURER, AND NOW THE BALLY OLD CHRISTMAS TREE!"



*Voice from upper regions.* "DEARIE, IF YOU CAN'T KEEP BABY QUIET, WHY NOT GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH?"



**THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON HISTORY.**

SHOWING HOW THE ENTENTE CORDIALE OF THAT PERIOD MIGHT HAVE BEEN SIPPED IN THE BUD, IF THE CONFERENCE OF "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD" HAD BEEN HELD THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL, UNDER THE CONDITIONS COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH AN ENGLISH SUMMER.



A PARLIAMENTARY FANCY-DRESS FÊTE.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. MR. HAROLD COX.  
 MR. BALFOUR. MR. ASQUITH.  
 MR. CHAPLIN.  
 LORD ROBERT CECIL.  
 MR. HALDANE. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.  
 MR. HARCOURT.  
 SIR SAMUEL EVANS.  
 MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.



Punch's Almanack for 1909.

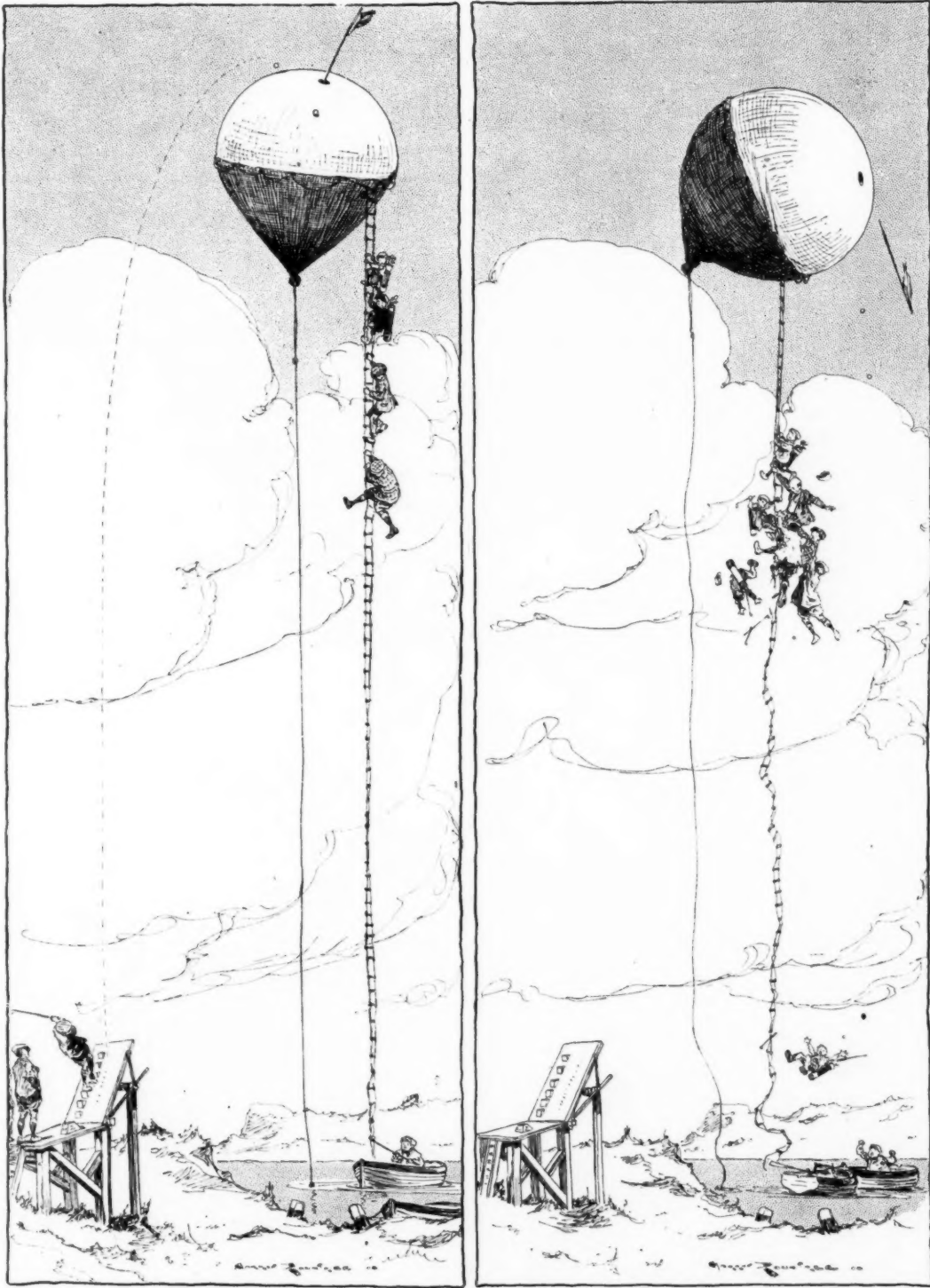


VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

I. THIS FOR 'IT!

II. HOLED!

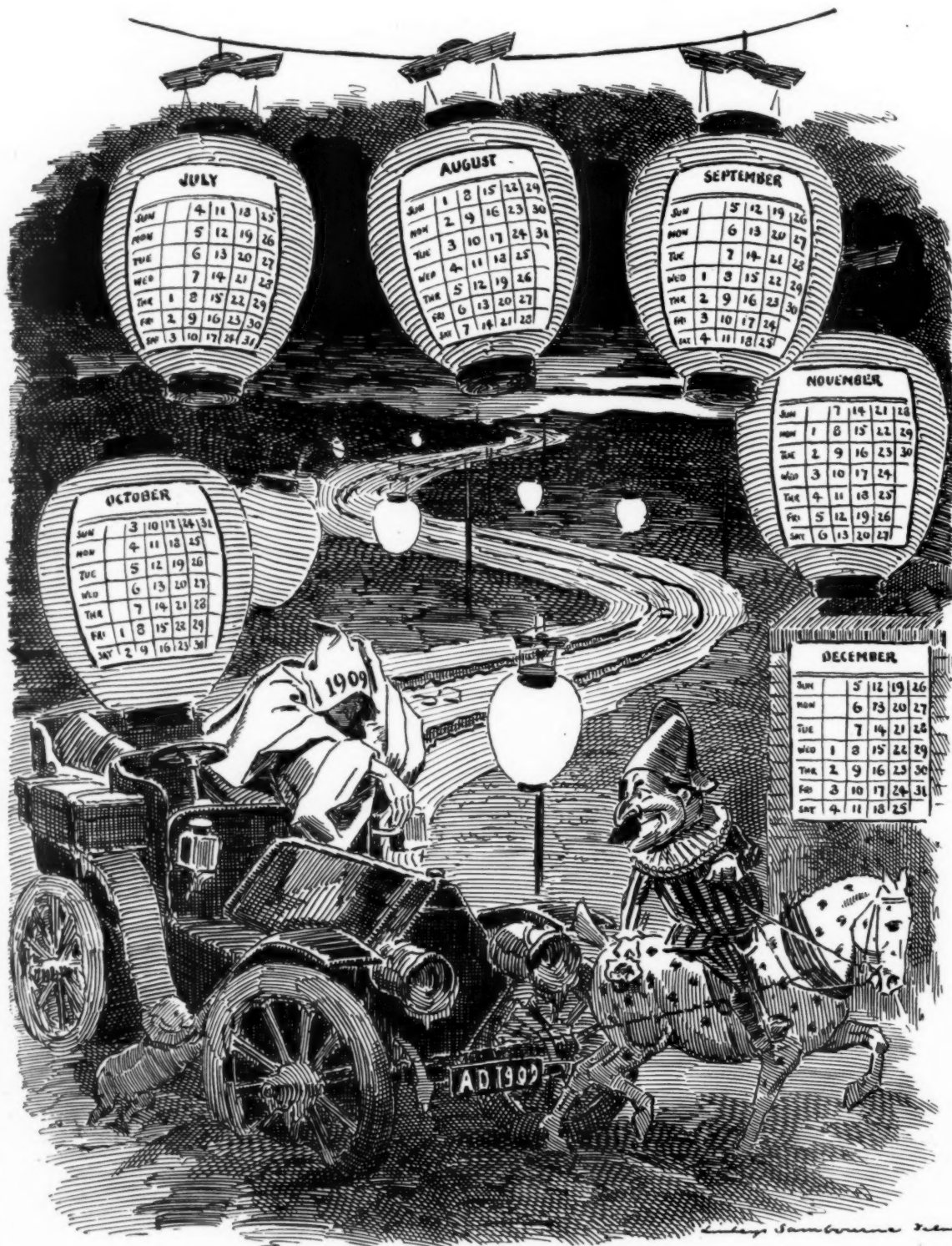




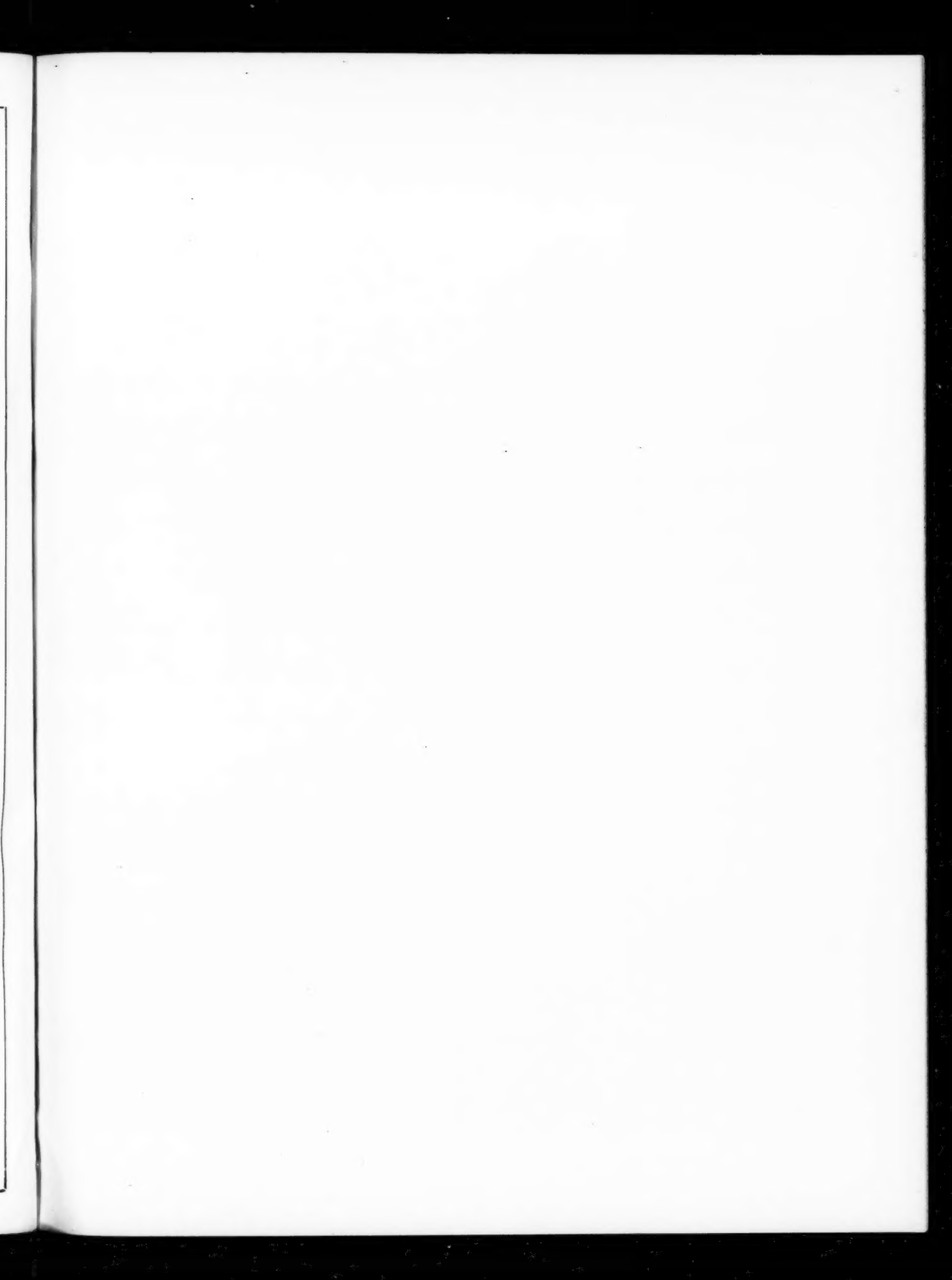
**VERY ADVANCED GOLF.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE (THE BALLOON HOLE).—PLAYERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ASCEND TO THE GREEN TILL THE PLAYERS IN FRONT HAVE QUITTED THE LADDER.

# Punch's Almanack for 1909.




THE GOING OF 1909.






"Wonder if I can manage to squeeze a few more drops out of him!"

DOYLE'S IDEAL  
"HOLMES" BEVERAGE



NWY  
CT

ROSEBERY REFORM VACUUM  
CLEANER



FOR  
UPPER  
CHAMBERS

BILL


HELP!

SUNNY  
JIM



WHAT  
EVERY  
WOMAN  
WANTS

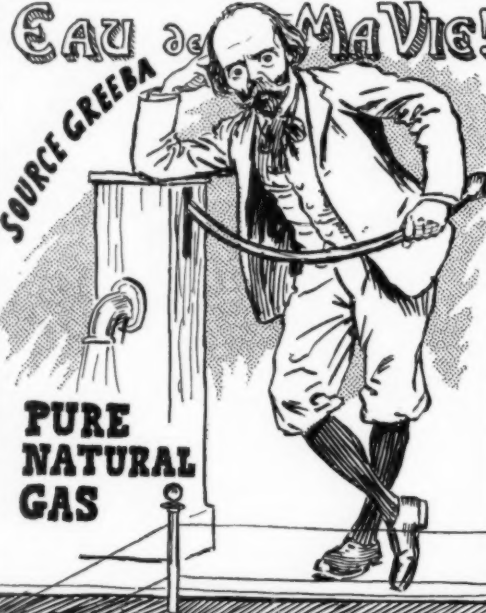
ASQUITH  
ANTI-  
SUFFRAGE  
Bath Salts.



"TELL THE  
LADIES I CAN  
SEE THEM  
JUST NOW"

Eau de MA VIE!

SOURCE GREEDA



PURE  
NATURAL  
GAS



THE  
TAXHOUND

BUDGET

TAXI LOYDS!

THE HICK  
MATRIMONIAL  
AGENCY





NY  
CT



MARATHON

ICE-CREAMS

DORANDO  
SAYS:

*"I always take one  
just before a race."*

TRY THE **ROSSLYN**  
**EASY** 'PAYMENT'  
**'SYSTEM'**

**IT'S** **SO**  
**SIMPLE**



THE NEW  
'RAILWAY-  
DIRECTOIRE'  
COMBINATION  
CORSET

*Reduces the  
Waste  
and improves the  
Figure*



**This is the  
coast for me!**

**HOLLAND**  
**IS SO BRACING!**



PEACE

**WHAT! NO REDUCTION  
OF ARMAMENTS!**

NAVAL  
PROGRAMME



THE  
**OVOTO PEN**

FOR LADIES.